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Chillon.



LORD BYRON has thrown about Chillon a melancholy interest, which has rendered it an object of curiosity among continental travellers. It consists of a large *chateau*, "situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Guigo."

"Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet (French measure;) within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam blackened with age, on which (it is said) the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars,* or, rather eight, one being half

* There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons, deep and old—
There are seven columns, mossy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray;
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fa'en and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:

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merged in the wall; in some of these are the rings for the fetters and the fettered. The chateau is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white."

Such is Chillon, as described in the Notes to Lord Byron's Poem; but a more recent traveller calls it "a dull, heavy castle, built on a flat rock into the water, and almost touching the shore, with which a short wooden bridge, or platform connects it. The dungeon is said to be *under the level of the lake*;† but on comparing the height of the

Loop-hole grates where captives weep,
above the water-edge from the outside,

And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a conkering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother dropp'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

Prisoner of Chillon.

† Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day.

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and above the rocky floor inside, the latter is somewhat above the former, particularly, as a hollow place has been observed full of water, which must come from the lake, and would rise above the floor of the dungeon if it really was lower than the level of the lake. It is therefore a pardonable, poetical license; for the dungeon is above water, 40 feet long, and 15 or 20 feet wide, and 15 feet high, with several narrow slits into the thick wall above reach, but admitting air and light, and even some rays of the sun."

The main celebrity of Chillon is, however, owing to one of its dungeons having been the prison of an illustrious Swiss patriot, named Bonnavard, who was confined here six years, and whose steps have left their traces in the pavement of the cell. On the pillar to which he is said to have been chained, many travellers have engraved their names, and among them Lord Byron stands conspicuous. Of the history of Bonnavard, his lordship confesses he was not sufficiently aware when he composed "The Prisoner of Chillon," or says he, "I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues." He has, however, appended to his "Notes" some account of Bonnavard, furnished him by a citizen of Geneva, which we have freely translated in the subjoined note.* This guardian-spirit of liberty has like-

* Francois de Bonnavard, descended from a noble family, was born in 1496: he studied at Turin; and in 1510 his uncle resigned to him the Priory of St. Victor, at Geneva, which was a considerable living.

This great man (for Bonnavard deserves the title by his magnanimity, the integrity of his heart, the nobleness of his intentions, the wisdom of his counsels, the bravery of his exploits, the comprehensiveness of his genius, and the amiability of his disposition) this great man, who excited the admiration of all those whom heroic virtue can inspire, still lives in the hearts of every patriotic Genevese. Bonnavard was always one of the firmest supporters of the liberty of the republic, to establish which he sacrificed his own enjoyment, despised wealth, and laid down all for the happiness of the country which honoured him with her choice. He was beloved as the most zealous of all her citizens: he served her with the intrepidity of a hero; and he wrote her history with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the ardour of a patriot.

At the commencement of his "History of Geneva" he says, that "when he began to study the history of nations, he became inspired with a love of republicanism, which made him henceforth espouse its cause;" and this love of liberty, doubtless, induced him to adopt Geneva for his country. When very young, he boldly proclaimed himself as the defender of Geneva, against the Duke of Savoy.

In 1519 Bonnavard fell a martyr to patriotism: the Duke of Savoy having entered Geneva with 300 men, and Bonnavard, fearing his resentment, planned to retire to Fribourg, but he was betrayed by two companions, and conducted by order of the prince to Grölee, where he was imprisoned two years. Bonnavard was unfortunate

wise apostrophized Chillon in a sonnet of almost unparalleled eloquence and poetic beauty:—

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By BONNAVARD!—May none those marks efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God.†

Another dungeon, not more than 10 feet square, opens into the large one by a breach in the wall made by a prisoner who attempted to escape, but was retaken

in his travels. but his misfortunes did not abate his zeal for Geneva: he was always ready for those who threatened him, and consequently was often exposed to their attacks. In 1530 he was encountered on the Jura by banditti, who robbed him, and delivered him into the hands of the Duke of Savoy, who confined him in the Castle of Chillon, where he remained till the year 1536, when he was set at liberty by the Bernese, who then took possession of the Pays de Vaud.

Bonnavard, in quitting his captivity, had the delight to find Geneva free and reformed. The republic hastened to express their gratitude, and indemnify him for the injuries he had suffered: they presented him with the freedom of the city in June, 1536; gave him a residence once occupied by the *vicar-general*; and voted him a pension of two hundred *écus d'or* as long as he remained in Geneva. In the following year he was admitted into the Council of Two Hundred.

Bonnavard had not yet finished his career of utility; after having laboured to make Geneva free, he strove for her religious toleration. He induced the Council to allow the ecclesiastics and the people sufficient time to examine the propositions which were made to them; and he succeeded by this mild doctrine, for Christianity is always successful when inculcated with charity.

Bonnavard was a man of talent; and his manuscripts in the public library prove that he was well acquainted with the classics, and deeply read in theology and history. This illustrious man adored the sciences, inasmuch as they contributed to the welfare of Geneva: he also laboured for their success in his native city: in 1551 he gave his library to the citizens; he founded the public library of Geneva, and his donations comprise many of the rare and beautiful editions of the fifteenth century, which are to be seen in that collection. Lastly, during the same year, this patriotic man bequeathed his wealth to the republic, on condition that they supported the college which he had founded.

It appears that Bonnavard died in 1570: but this is not certain, there being a hiatus in the public obituary from July, 1570, till 1571.

† In another portion of the present sheet will be found a notice of an intended monument to the memory of Lord Byron—*upwards of four years after his Lordship's death!* Where is the monument to SHAKESPEARE, proposed nearly twenty years ago, but superseded by far less important claims to public patronage? Yet his language is in our every day conversation, almost nightly we weep and smile with his muse, and assail our neighbours for their want of like perception. They might retort on us, almost in the words of Byron,

"O! shame to the land of his birth."

at the outer dungeon, where, after confinement, he was put to death! "He must have been a man of education," says the traveller already quoted, "judging from his drawing on the wall, much in the style of Raphael's age."

It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his *Heloise*, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water, the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death; so that Chillon is fraught with romantic and sombre associations.

ORIGIN OF GAS LIGHTING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I read with considerable surprise the communication of *Mr. Hatchard*, in page 340 of the *MIRROR*, respecting the origin of *gas-lighting*, and according to which account he calls himself the inventor, after having in the first instance denied *Mr. Murdock* to be the discoverer. As I am perfectly aware that you are a true friend to justice, I will, with your permission, convince your readers that neither *Mr. Murdock* nor *Mr. Hatchard* has any claim to the invention. I collected having read in one of the early volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*, an account of some experiments made by a clergyman on the subject, and I accordingly resolved to put you in possession of the fact. After some search I found it in No. 452, page 59, for the year 1739. The title runs thus: "*An Experiment concerning the Spirit of Coals, being part of a Letter to the Hon. Rob. Boyle, Esq.; from the late Rev. John Clayton, D. D. communicated by the Right Rev. Father in God, Robert, Lord Bishop of Corke to the Right Hon. John Earl of Edmont, F. R. S.*" As this volume may not be very accessible to many of your readers, I take the liberty of transcribing *Mr. Clayton's* account.

"Having seen a ditch within two miles from *Wigan*, in *Lancashire*," observes *Mr. Clayton*, "wherein the water would seemingly burn like brandy, the flame of which was so fierce, that several strangers have boiled eggs over it; the people thereabouts indeed affirm, that about thirty years ago it would have boiled a piece of beef; and that whereas much rain formerly made it burn much fiercer, now after rain it would scarcely burn at all. It was after a long-continued season of rain that I came to see the place, and made some experiments, and found accordingly that though a lighted paper were waved all over the ditch, the water would not take fire. I then hired a person to make a dam in the

ditch, and fling out the water, in order to try whether the steam which arose from the ditch would then take fire, but found it would not. I still, however, pursued my experiment, and made him dig deeper; and when he had dug about the depth of half a yard, we found a shelly coal, and the candle being then put down into the hole, the air-catched fire and continued burning.

"I observed that there had formerly been coal-pits in the same close of ground; and I then got some coal from one of the pits nearest thereunto, which I distilled in a retort in an open fire. At first there came over only *phlegm*, afterwards a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose, which I could noways condense, but it forced my lute, or broke my glasses. Once, when it had forced the lute, coming close thereto, in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued out caught fire at the flame of a candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a steam, which I blew out, and lighted again, alternately, for several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit, in order to which I took a turbinated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver whilst the spirit arose, I observed that it caught flame, and continued burning at the end of the pipe, though you could not discern what fed the flame. I then blew it out, and lighted it again several times; after which I fixed a bladder, squeezed and void of air, to the pipe of the receiver. The oil and *phlegm* descended into the receiver, but the spirit still ascending, blew up the bladder. I then filled a good many bladders therewith, and might have filled an inconceivable number more; for the spirit continued to rise for several hours, and filled the bladders almost as fast as a man could have blown them with his mouth; and yet the quantity of coals I distilled, was inconsiderable.

"I kept this spirit in the bladders a considerable time, and endeavoured several ways to condense it, but in vain. And when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of these bladders, and pricking a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder near the flame of a candle till it once took fire, it would then continue flaming till all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder; which was the more surprising, because no one could discern any difference in the appearance between these bladders and those which are filled with common air."

JOHN DAVY.

Note.—We have received another letter (signed *VERAX*) on this subject, which, as we do not feel

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the reign of George II. a marble statue was erected to Handel in Vauxhall Gardens. It was the first great display of the talents of Roubiliac, at least to the public eye, and a singular instance of a statue erected to living merit. The musician is represented playing upon a lyre. Now if this statue (says a curious writer) should be preserved from the ravages of time and accident twelve or fourteen hundred years, the antiquaries will naturally conclude that the instrument upon which Handel acquired his reputation was the lyre, though we are at present certain that he never played on, or even saw, a lyre, except in wood or stone.

P. T. W.

OLD CLOCK-HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Perceiving in the MIRROR a few weeks ago an account of the *Old Clock-House at Westminster*, I have been induced, from the shortness of your correspondent's description, to make search among our "old authorities" for further information respecting the same, and have been rewarded with some success. I now beg to hand you the following observations, (the result of my labours,) which I think you must agree with me will form an interesting addition. I must apologize to your correspondent; but if he intends giving you a complete "History of Clocks and Watches," it is but necessary that these facts should be inserted before he proceeds further with the subject.

The bell, called the great Tom of Westminster, hung in a strong clock tower of stone, "over against the great door of Westminster Hall," says Grose; disposed to enter into a controversy, we must decline inserting. The letter of Verax is in reply to that of Mr. Hatchard, in No. 312; and after impugning the veracity of Mr. H.'s statements in every point, goes on to assert that the inflammability of coal gas was known "hundreds of years since;" that more extensive research than that which Mr. H. describes is on record "as long ago as 1688;" and that Mr. Winsor has the merit of applying gas to the lighting of towns, after a series of experiments from 1800 to 1807, when the whole length of the wall of Carlton Gardens, in St James's Park, was illuminated on the king's birth-day, and the street of Pall-Mall between 1808 and 1810. He concludes with stating that "the kitchen fire-place gas apparatus has been in use above twenty years." We give this sum and substance of the letter of Verax; and our only reason for preferring the above communication in full, is on account of the record which our correspondent has therein copied from the "Philosophical Transactions," which, whether considered in connexion with the origin of *gas-lighting*, or as an interesting experimental research, will, we are persuaded, be acceptable to the reader.

"and about the beginning of the eighteenth century," says he, "it was granted to St. Paul's, whither it was removed, and stood under a shed in the churchyard many years before the steeple was cleared of the scaffolding, and fitted for such an ornament."

The clock had not been long up before the bell was found to be cracked, and a new one was in consequence cast; but with such ill success, that in a few years it was thought necessary to take it down. The old bell had a very curious inscription on it, which was copied on the new one: it ran precisely thus:—

"Tercius aptavit me Rex, Edwarque vocavit
Sancti decore Edwardi signeritur ut hore."

It signifies that the third king gave this bell, and baptized it Edward, that the hours of Saint Edward might be taken proper notice of. It was debated whether this king, mentioned above, was the third from the Conqueror; but the words do not express this: the name of Edward was evidently given in honour of the Confessor, and other devotions paid to him. The clock tower stood till the year 1715. The occasion of its being erected is explained by your correspondent;* and from the circumstances connected with its erection, we may readily suppose that the king mentioned on this bell was the donor of it; and then if any difficulty remain to be cleared up, it is how the bell should come to be called *Tom* of Westminster, when it was named Edward at its baptism. I use this word in preference, because among the superstitions of the church of Rome, one we read of is the ceremony of *baptising of bells with godfathers*, who make responses for a new one, as in baptism of a Christian, giving it a name, and clothing it with a new garment as Christians used to be clothed, and believing this would make it capable of driving away *tempests* and devils. While this opinion kept its ground, we may suppose the bell kept its first name; but that when the reformation caused St. Edward and his hours to be but little regarded, as other bells of uncommon magnitude were frequently called *Tom*, (as fancied to pronounce that word when stricken, that of Lincoln and that of Oxford for instance,) this followed the same example, which certainly is the most probable idea, from the very circumstance of others being denominated *Tom*.†

* Vide also Maitland for some further information on this head.

† From a catch made by Mr. Eccles I extract the two last lines, which is another corroboration of my supposition:—

"Hark! Harry, 'tis late, 'tis time to begone,
For Westminster Tom, by my faith, strikes one."

Requesting the insertion of the above remarks, (if you deem them of sufficient importance,) in your interesting work,
I remain, Sir, &c.

June 4, 1828.

W. H. H.

LIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE leaf that falls in Autumn's hour,
The rose that fades upon the stem,
Are emblems of the silent power,
Of time and change o'er us and them.

Yet happier is the rose's fate,
For Spring will other leaves restore,
And Summer will new flowers create,
As bright as those that bloom'd before!

But when life's morning dreams depart,
And grief succeeds to fancied bliss;
Oh, what shall cheer the lonely heart,
Or soften sorrow's bitterness?

Years will roll on, and time will bring
Its varied changes—but in vain;
There is in life but one short spring,
And it can ne'er return again!

TO ELIZABETH

(For the Mirror.)

WHILE on thy early charms I gaze,
All lovely as thou art:
E'en like a beam from brighter days,
Thy smile steals on my heart.
And yet that smile, I scarce know why,
To saddening thought gives birth;
Thou seem'st too beautiful to die,
Yet, oh! too fair for earth!

'Tis not the roses on thy cheek,
That of departure tell—
As early blighted Spring flowers speak
A sorrowful farewell;
But still I've seen the fairest things
All fleetly fade away,
Like dreams that take the morning's wings,
Or shadows at noon-day.

I would not that thou e'er couldst prove
To me but what thou art—
A spell unbroke by earthly love,
An idol of the heart—
A beauteous shrine to bend before,
In silent thought at even—
A form at distance to adore,
And but to love as Heaven.

W. J. K.

Memorable Days.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

(For the Mirror.)

AT Ripon, in Yorkshire, the inhabitants still observe an ancient custom on St. John's Eve, well worthy of notice.

Every housekeeper, who in the course of the year has changed his residence,

and gone into a new neighbourhood; and every new comer into the town, spreads a table before his door, with bread, cheese, and ale, for those who choose to partake of it. If the master is of ability, the guests are invited to supper, and the evening is spent in mirth and good humour.

Although the origin of this singular custom is unknown, no doubt exists that it was for some charitable purpose—probably for introducing new comers to an early acquaintance with their neighbours, or with the design of settling differences by the meeting and mediation of friends and relatives.

In Ireland a heathenish custom exists of lighting and dancing round bonfires on St. John's Eve, which they do (says Brand,) "*in honour of the sun*."—The fires are lighted all over the country exactly at midnight, and the people *dance and run through* the fires until they are extinguished. Mr. Brand, says "the whole concludes with religious solemnity."

It was formerly a custom throughout England for young men and maidens to assemble at their neighbours' houses and tell each others fates. They were decked with roses and other flowers, and the evening was spent in festivity.—Barton Wilford has a pretty poem on the subject.

In some low parts of Westmoreland, they maintain a custom of feasting, accompanied by music and dancing, on Midsummer Eve; at which time only I have witnessed their very curious dance, called "*the rope dance*." These and many other sports are observed also on Midsummer Day.

In Warwickshire bonfires are customary on Midsummer Day, with ceremonies attending them nearly as above.

W. H. H.

Fine Arts.

MR. LANE'S PICTURE—THE VISION OF JOSEPH.

THIS is an extraordinary production, which, if not entirely successful, entitles the artist to rank in the highest walk of art. As one of the proudest triumphs of the English school of painting, its success must prove equally gratifying to the patriotic nobleman under whose patronage it has been introduced to the public—a service which the lovers of the fine arts can never too highly appreciate.

The details of the painting may be

* From an interesting memoir of Mr. Lane, in the *Weekly Review*, we learn that, when very young, he was introduced to Lord De Dunstan.

thus briefly sketched:—In the right-hand corner are seen Joseph and Mary and the Infant Saviour, the two latter asleep; but Joseph has his eyes fixed on the vision in the centre of the picture, representing an angel, who announces to him the projected murder of the innocents by Herod, and commands him to flee into Egypt. In the foreground, on the left, the commencement of the slaughter is boldly and vividly represented, and a gigantic figure, struck to the earth by the appearance of the angel, is the most successful in the whole painting: some of the figures in the affrighted group are also very beautifully drawn. Around the angel are represented a heavenly choir, with “cherubim and seraphim.”

In these details, the study of the ancient masters may easily be traced. Thus, the heads of the Virgin and Child are after Correggio; Parmegiano, Domenichino, and Raphael may also be recognised in other portions. The colouring is strictly Italian—being forcible, yet soft and sober.

Like many other great efforts of genius, this picture has caused some cavil and critical objection. Thus, the appearance of the angel and the breaking in of the soldiers are represented as simultaneous, although one was consequent on the other; but Mr. Lane justifies this eccentricity by Raphael's *Transfiguration*. This is one of the principal objections at home; but *abroad*, the criticism assumed a more serious aspect, the exhibition of the *Vision of Joseph* having been prohibited by the Court of Rome, on account of the artist having placed the Virgin and Child on the same couch with Joseph, and the folds of the pillow having been tortured into the shape of horns.

Notwithstanding, we are happy to contribute our meed of praise to Mr. Lane's picture, which is allowed to be unapproachable by any similar attempt in English art. The sanctity of the subject, and the masterly style in which the artist has approached its embodiment, cannot fail to excite the attention and admiration of every spectator; and sincerely do we hope that Mr. Lane's success in the present instance may encourage him to further efforts in that grand line of art, termed

historical—so as to awaken the public to a just sense of the *sublime* of painting.

FRESCO PAINTINGS AT THE MADDOX-STREET GALLERY, HANOVER-SQUARE.

THESE magnificent paintings are by Paul Veronese, and are superior to any works of the same artist in oil. They teem with imaginative splendour, for it is difficult to conceive any thing more beautiful than the exuberance and loveliness displayed in his allegorical figures, not to speak of the splendour with which the minor details of these frescos are executed. Thus, in the present collection we have *Pomona*, *Minerva*, with allegorical figures of *Calculation* and *Mensuration*, a *Concert*, a fascinating Titianic picture of *St. Cecilia*, *Apollo* and *Hyacinth*, allegorical figures of *Earth*, *Fire*, *Prudence*, and *Folly*, and a spirited embodiment of the *Battle of the Standard*. All these are exquisite displays of creative fancy, full of the simplicity and harmony of the perfection of art.

It is worthy of remark, that although fresco-painting is little known to those who have not visited Italy, the most capital works of the great masters, executed at a period when the art itself was carried to the greatest height of perfection, were painted in this style. The principal works of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, Raphael, Corregio, Julio Romano, &c. are painted in fresco; and at this moment frescos are mouldering on the walls of Roman palaces, notwithstanding, by a modern contrivance, they may be safely removed. We understand that Mr. Lane (the painter of the *Vision of Joseph*) has devoted much labour to the mode of fresco-painting followed by the most renowned of the old masters; and that he has several specimens of his success in that branch of art.

In the saloon, with the frescos, are a few fine pictures by Claude Lorraine, Gaspar Poussin, Wilson, and Gainsborough, together with others by Titian, Giorgione, and Paul Veronese, from collections in the Borghese, Colonna, Lan-cellotti, and other palaces. Among these, the *Niobe* of Wilson, painted for his friend and patron, Sir John Leicester, does not suffer in comparison with two of Claude's masterpieces.

BAZAAR, BAKER-STREET, PORTMAN-SQUARE.

A DIORAMIC view of the interior of St. Peter's at Rome has recently been added to the amusements of this interesting lounge. The painting is for the most

ville at Falmouth, by whom he was sent to London, to study at the Royal Academy, with a liberal allowance; and subsequently to Rome, where he resided thirteen years, spent in copying the matchless works of the great masters, and in painting the “*Vision of Joseph*.”—As a remarkable instance of modern patronage, we may mention that to the fostering generosity of Mr. Thomas Hope is Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, indebted for his well-earned celebrity. At the Deepdene, near Dorking, is a fine boar, from the chisel of Thorwaldsen, executed for Mr. H. at the cost of one thousand guineas.

part well executed, and the illusion is enhanced by the sweet tones of an organ, now swelling and now dying through the majestic aisles of the cathedral, with the holy lamps around the altar, &c. There are likewise eight *Cosmorama* views of Rome, London, Cadiz, Florence, Bay of Naples, Rotterdam, Vesuvius, and Melrose Abbey, which, indeed, made us regret that we were not twenty years younger, when they would have delighted us more than a gallery of old masters. As a prodigy of cheapness, we should mention that the charge for enjoying these eight views is one shilling! We have already noticed the Panorama of Navarino, which is, as the Lord High Admiral said, "a spirited painting." Thus we have under one roof a Panorama, Diorama, and Cosmorama—besides the gratuitous walk through perfumed avenues of bazaar *bijouterie*, and scores of amusing novelties for all ages.

EXHIBITION OF HISTORICAL PORTRAITS, PAUL MALL, EAST.

MANY of our readers have doubtless been gratified with a splendidly illustrated work now in course of publication, entitled *Lodge's Illustrious Portraits of Great Britain*, from original paintings; the drawings from which, 180 in number, are now on view, gratuitously, at the house of the publishers, Messrs. Harding, Lepard, and Co. as above. They are copied from the galleries of the nobility, and from various public collections, and are executed in the first style of art.

Altogether, this is one of the most interesting exhibitions of the season; for who can be surrounded by 180 illustrious men of English history, and not be plunged into reflective reverie! Princes, philosophers, poets, and patriots—their very lineaments are preserved with extraordinary accuracy in this collection. It is indeed a fine treat for the student of humanity.

We ought not to forget that the above exhibition is a partial announcement of the publication of a less expensive Series of Portraits than that above mentioned—to commence July 1. This object is detailed in an amusing Historical Catalogue, to be obtained at the publishers', which likewise contains a commendatory letter from Sir Walter Scott.

MONUMENT TO LORD BYRON.

At length a committee has been formed "to raise a monumental statue to Lord Byron, by public subscription," and bankers have been appointed in Great Britain, at Paris, Geneva, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Frankfort, for receipt of the

same. The committee includes the names of Bowles, Campbell, Benjamin Constant, Agar Ellis, Goethe, Thomas Hope, D'Israeli, Jeffrey, Luttrell, Mackintosh, Malcolm, Moore, Rogers, Stewart Rose, Walter Scott—all men of first-rate talent and celebrity, besides many other zealous patrons of literature and the fine arts.

ENGRAVING.

AN association of artists have announced for publication a series of engravings from the pictures in the National Gallery, under royal and noble patronage. Among the members we perceive the names of Burnet, Cooke, Finden, Le Keux, Pye, and Robinson.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SNATCHES OF SENTIMENT.

(From a *Midsummer Day's Dream*.)

[WE continue these episodal extracts, in the full assurance that our readers will participate in the delight we have received from the high-wrought vigour and deep-toned interest of almost every line. To us, they seem to outmaster not a few of the "antique world," whilst they are rendered more attractive by the richness of the colours in which they are embodied. Sublimity and pathos, energy and unaffected feeling, are vividly and delicately traced in every touch: the truths which they enforce remind us

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,"

whilst the kindred nature of their mirth and melancholy steals through the porches of the heart, and stores and tempers the imagination with all the beautiful images of poetry and fine feeling.—As the *parterre* extends to twenty pages, we have wreathed a few of its choicest flowers to garland the heads and hearts of our readers. Such as would *luscivate* in its extasies, are referred to the Magazine itself.]

WHAT, O London! were Tyre and Sidon, whose merchants were princes—what were Tyre and Sidon to thee! Even now the sun is rising, and the sun is setting, on thy countless sails. We almost cease now to feel

"Of the old sea some reverential fear!"

The ocean obeys the "meteor-flag of England," even as its ebbing and flowing obeys the planet.

OLD AGE.

What a blessed order of Nature it is, that the footsteps of Time are "inaudi-

ble and noiseless," and that the seasons of life are like those of the year, so indistinguishably brought on, in gentle progress, and imperceptibly blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint and not unpleasant feeling, that he is growing old! The boy looks on the youth, the youth on the man, the man in his prime on the grey-headed sire, each on the other, as on a separate existence in a separate world. It seems sometimes as if they had no sympathies, no thoughts in common, that each smiled and wept on account of things for which the other cared not, and that such smiles and tears were all foolish, idle, and most vain; but as the hours, days, weeks, months, and years, go by, how changes the one into the other, till, without any violence, lo! as if close together at last, the cradle and the grave! In this how Nature and man agree, pacing on and on to the completion of a year—of a life!

Walk on the mountain, wander down the valley, enter the humble hut,—the scarcely less humble kirk, and you will know how sacred a thing is the hoary hair that lies on the temples of him who, during his long journey, forgot not his Maker, and feels that his Old Age shall be renewed into immortal youth!

"That strain I heard was of a higher mood!"

PRIDE OF SCOTLAND.

A high philosophy has gone out from the sages of thy cities into the loneliest recesses of the hills. The student sits by the ingle of his father's straw-roofed shed, or lies in leisure, released from labour, among the broomy banks and braes of the wimpling burn, and pores and meditates over the pages of Reid, and Fergusson, and Stewart, and Brown, wise benefactors of the race. Each vales "sings aloud old songs, the music of the heart,"—the poetry of Burns the deathless shall brighten for ever the cottar's hearth—Campbell is by all beloved—and the high harp of Scott shall sound for ever in all thy halls.

EDINBURGH.

A pleasanter city is nowhere to be seen—neither sea-shore nor inland, but between the two, and uniting the restlessness of the one situation with the quietness of the other,—there green waves leaping like Furies, here green hills fixed like Fate,—there white sails gliding, here white tents pitched,—there—you can hardly see it even with a telescopic eye—the far-off Bass, from whose cliffs, perhaps at this very moment, the flashing fowling-piece has scared a yell-

ing cloud of sea-birds,—there the near Castle-Rock thundering a royal salute, for it is the anniversary of the birth-day of our most gracious and glorious King,—there masts unnumbered, here roofs multitudinous,—there Neptune, here Apollo,—together, sea, sun, earth, and heaven, all in one—a perfect poem!

A LEITH SMACK.

Ours be the stiff, breeze-loving Smack, with her bowsprit right in the wind's eye, and eating out of it, as the helmsman luffs up to catch every capful, all such craft as custom-house cutters, and be hanged to them,—even the King's one's—gun-brigs cruising on the station,—Southampton schooners of the Yacht Club,—or crack-collier from Newcastle, trying it on in ballast, whose captain served last with old Collingwood, and, in youth, with

"Gallant Admiral Howe, sung out, Yo! heave O!"—

Or gallant Steamer, that, never gun-wale in, but ever upright as the stately swan, cleaves blast and breaker as they both come right a-head,—the one blackening, and the other whitening,—while Bain's trumpet is heard in the mingled roar, and under his intrepid skill all the hundreds on board feel as safe as in their own beds, though it is near nightfall, and we are now among the shores and shallows of the Swin, where ships untold have gone to pieces.—See, there, a wreck!

A LONDON SABBATH.

Christianity spoke in Sabbath-bells, not "swinging slow with sullen roar," like the curfew of old, extinguishing the household fires on all hearths; but, high up in the clearer air, the belfry of tower and spire sent a sweet summons, each over its own region, to families to repair again to the house of God, where the fires of faith, hope, and charity, might be re-kindled on the altar of the religion of peace. The sweet solemn faces of old men,—of husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers—the fair faces of matrons and virgins—the gladsome faces of children—

"For piety is sweet to infant minds"—

were seen passing along the sobered streets, whose stones, but a few hours ago, clanked to the mad rushing to and fro of unhallowed feet, while the air, now so still, or murmuring but with happy voices, attuned to the spirit of the day, was lately all astir with rage, riot, and blasphemy!

"Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn!"

Sweet is the triumph of religion on the Sabbath-day, in some solitary glen, to which come trooping from a hundred braes, all the rural dwellers, disappearing, one small family party after another, into the hushed kirk—now, as the congregation has collected, exhaling to heaven, as a flower-bank exhales its fragrance, the voice of Psalms!

PANORAMIC BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND.

There was the dome of St. Paul's in heaven, or there the holy Abbey, where sleep England's holiest dead, and the Thames, with all his floating glories, moored, or adrift with the tide down to the sea, like giants rejoicing to run a race to the uttermost parts of the earth!

How dreamlike the flowings of the Isis by Godstow's ivied Ruin, where blossomed, bloomed, and perished in an hour, Rosamunda—flower of the world! How cheerful, as if waked from a dream, glides on the famous stream by Christ-Church-Cathedral grove! How sweet by Iffley's Saxon tower! By Nuneham's lime-tree shade how serene as peace! But here thou hast changed thy name and thy nature into the sea-seeking Thames, alive and loud with the tide that murmurs of the ocean-foam, and bridged magnificently as becomes the river that makes glad the City of the kings who are the umpires of the whole world's wars! Down sailed our spirit, along with the floating standard of England, to the Nore. There her fleet lay moored, like a thunder-cloud whose lightning rules the sea—

"Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep!"

Now walking in, on a sudden, and as if by some divine impulse, into that Cathedral—or that Abbey—ask not their names—and there, apart and silent, standing with fixed eyes before statue or tomb! Now glide-gliding in light canoe with wind and tide adown the Great River, in indolent, yet imaginative reverie, while masts and sails, and trees and towers, as they all went floating through the air, seemed scarcely to belong to any world—or proud of the skulker's skill, and emulous of the strength of the broad-breasted watermen whom Father Thames sustains, striving, stripped, against the waves a-ripple and a-foam with the rapid ebb, impatient to return to the sea! Now a-foot along pleasant pathways, for a time leading through retired and sylvan places, and then suddenly past a cluster of cottages, or into a pretty village, almost a town, and purposely withholding our eyes from the prospect, till we had reached one well remembered eminence—and then

the glorious vision seen from Richmond Hill! Where, where, on the face of all the earth, can the roaming eye rest in more delighted repose than on the "pleasant villages and farms" that far and wide compose that suburban world, so rich in trees alone, that were there no other beauty, the poet could even find a paradise both for week-day and Sabbath hours, in the bright neighbourhood of London! Endless profusion and prodigality of art, coping almost successfully with nature! Wealth is a glorious thing in such creations. Riches are the wands of magicians. Poverty bleakens the earth—in her region grandeur is bare—and we sigh for something that is not among the naked rocks. But here from the buried gold, groves rise with such loads of verdure, that but for their giant boughs and branches, their heads would be bowed down to the lawns and gardens, gorgeous all with their flushing flowers, naturalized in the all-bearing soil of England, from all climes, from the occident to the orient!

But where cease the suburban charms of the Queen of Cities? Mansion after mansion—each more beautifully embowered than another—or more beautifully seated on some gently undulating height, above the far-sweeping windings of the silver Thames, is still seen by the roamer's eye, not without some touch of vain envy at his heart of those fortunate ones, for whom life thus lavishes all its elegance and all its ease—Oh, vain envy indeed! for who knows not that all happiness is seated alone in the heart!—till, ere he remembers that far-off London has vanished quite away, he looks up, and lo! the Towers of Windsor—the Palace of Old England's Kings!

Nor are those "sylvan scenes" unworthily inhabited. Travel city-crowded continents, sail in some circumnavigating ship to far and fair isles, that seem dropt from heaven into the sea, yet shall your eyes behold no lovelier living visions than the daughters of England. Lovelier never visited poet's alumbers nightly—not even when before him in youth

"Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair!"

And of England's "*interrita pubes*," let speak the shore of every sea—

"A race in faith unstain'd, invincible in arms."

Wasted away, we knew not, cared not whither, on the wings of wonder and admiration,—when, during the long summer silence, the towers of Oxford kept chiming to deserted courts and cloisters—all England, its downs, its wolds, its hills, its meadows, its plains, its vales, its hills, its mountains, minsters, abbeys, ca-

thedrales, castles, palaces, villages, towns, and cities, all became tributary to our imagination, gazing upon her glories with a thousand eyes. Now we breathed the fragrance of Devon's myrtle bowers—now from St. Michael's Mount "look-ed to Bayona and the Giant's Hold," now wept and worshipped at the grave of Shakspeare, or down the yellow Avon thought we saw sailing her own sweet stately swan! Now gazed in dread astonishment on Portsmouth's naval arsenal, and all that machinery—sublime, because of the power that sets it a-going, and far more, because of the power that it sends abroad, winged and surcharged with thunder all over the main—ships without masts, sheer-hulks, majestic and magnificent even in that bare, black magni-tude, looming through the morning or evening gloaming—and lo! a first-rater, deck above deck, tier above tier of guns, sending up, as she sails in sunshine, her clouds into the sky; and as the Ocean-Queen bears up in the blast, how grand her stern—and what a height above the waves tumbling a-foam in her wake! Now seated on the highest knoll of all the bright Malvern Hills in breathless del-ight, slowly turning round our head in obedience to the beauty and grandeur of that panorama—matchless on earth—we surveyed at one moment county upon county, of rich, merry sylvan England, mansioned, abbeyed, towered, spired, cas-tled; and at another, different, and yet not discordant, say, rather, most harmoni-ous with that other level scene, the innumerable mountains of Wales, cloud-crest-ed, or clearly cutting with outlines free, flowing or fantastic, here the deep blue, there the dark purple, and yonder the bright crimson sky! Wales, glorious, even were she without other glory, with Plinlimmon, Cader-Idris, Snowdon,

"Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
lay."

Now borne as on an angel's wing, and in the "very waist and middle of the night," we sat down a Solitary on Derwent Wa-ter's shore,

"While the cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to our orisons!"

Now while Luna and her nymphs de-lighted to behold their own beauty on its breathless bosom, we hung in a little skiff, like a water-lily moored in moonshine, in the fairest of all fair scenes in nature, and the brightest of all the bright—how sweet the music of her name, as it falls from our lips with a blessing—Winder-mere—Windermere!

And thus we robbed all England of her beauty and her sublimity, her gran-

deur and her magnificence, and bore it all off and away treasured in our heart of hearts.

"THE TOWN."

With all its senses in a transport, our soul was now in the mighty London! Every single street-musician seemed to us as an Orpheus. Each band of female singers, some harping as they sung, and others, with light guitar ribbon-bound to their graceful shoulders, to us were as the Muses—each airy group very Goddesses,

"Kait with the Graces and the Loves in dance,"

and leading on the hours along the illu-minated atmosphere, where each lamp was as a star! The whole world seemed houses, palaces, domes, theatres, and temples—and London the universal name! Yet there was often a shudder as the stream of terrible enjoyment went roaring by—and the faces of all those lost creatures—those daughters of sin and sorrow—with fair but wan faces, hollow bright eyes—and shrieks of laughter ap-palled the heart that wondered at their beauty, and then started to hear afar off, and as in a whisper, the word "Inno-cence," as if it were the name of some-thing sacred in another life and another world; for here guilt was in its glory and its grief, women angels of light no more, but fiends of darkness, hunting and hunt-ed to despair and death!

CONSECRATIONS OF GENIUS.

To us, enthusiasts in poetry—and may that enthusiasm survive even the season "of brightness in the grass and glory in the flower," which has almost now passed away—to us, who thought of poets as beings set apart from the world which their lays illumined—how solemn—how sacred—how sublime a delight—deaf and blind to all the sights and sounds of the common day—to look on the very house in which some great poet had been born—lived—or died! Were the house itself gone, and some ordinary pile erected in its stead, still we saw down into the old consecrated foundation! Had the very street been swept away—its name and its dust—still the air was holy—and more beautiful overhead the blue gleam of the sky!

PHILOSOPHY.

The study of physics is sublime, for the student feels as if mounting the lower steps of the ladder leading up to God in the skies. But the metaphysics of our own moral, our own intellectual being, sublimer far! when reason is her own object, and conscience, by her own light, sees, into her own essence!

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

To know ourselves, we sought to penetrate into the souls of other men—to be with them in the very interior of their conscience, when they thought no eye was upon them but the eye of God.

EVENING.

Methinks the westering sun shines cooler in the garden—that the shades are somewhat deepened—that the birds are not hopping round our head, as they did some hour ago—that in their afternoon siesta they are mute. Another set of insects are in the air. The flowers, that erewhile were broad and bright awake, with slumbering eyne are now hanging down their heads; and those that erewhile seemed to slumber, have awoke from their day-dreams, and look almost as if they were going to speak. Have you a language of your own—dear creatures—for we know that ye have loves?

Blackwood's Magazine.

Scientific Recreations.

MIGRATION OF FISHES.

FISHES appear to execute annually two great migrations. By one of these shiftings, they forsake the deep water for a time, and approach the shallow shores; and by the other, they return to their more concealed haunts. These movements are connected with the purposes of spawning, the fry requiring to come into life, and to spend a certain portion of their youth in situations different from those which are suited to the period of maturity. It is in obedience to these arrangements that the cod and haddock, the mackerel and herring, annually leave the deeper and less accessible parts of the ocean, the region of the zoophytic tribes, and deposit their spawn within that zone of marine vegetation which fringes our coasts, extending from near the high-water mark of neap-tides, to a short distance beyond the low-water mark of spring tides. Amidst the shelter in this region, afforded by the groves of arborescent fuci, the young fish were wont, in comfort, to spend their infancy; but since these plants have been so frequently cut down to procure materials for the manufacture of kelp, and the requisite protection withdrawn, the fisheries have suffered in consequence. Even the finny tribes inhabiting lakes, as the ginead and other species, periodically leave the deep water, and, in obedience to a similar law, approach towards the margin, and deposit their spawn. We may add that in the shallow water, in both cases, the numerous small animals

reside, which constitute the most suitable food for the tender fry.

Many species of fish, as the salmon, smelt, and others, in forsaking the deep water, and approaching a suitable spawning station, leave the sea altogether, for a time, ascend the rivers and their tributary streams, and having deposited their eggs, return again to their usual haunts. Even certain species of fish, inhabiting lakes, as the roach, betake themselves to the tributary streams, as the most suitable places for spawning.—*Quarterly Rev.*

WEIGHT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE pressure or weight of the atmosphere is shown by the barometer, the sucking-pump and the air-pump. Its weight is near 15 lbs. on every square inch, so that if we could entirely squeeze out the air between our two hands, they would cling together with a force equal to the pressure of double this weight, because the air would press upon both hands; and if we could contrive to suck or squeeze out the air between one hand and the wall, the hand would stick fast to the wall, being pressed on it with the weight of above two hundred weight, that is, near 15 lbs. on every square inch of the hand. Now, by a late most curious discovery of Sir Everard Home, the distinguished anatomist, it is found that this is the very process by which *Fflies* and other insects of a similar description are enabled to walk up perpendicular surfaces, however smooth, as the sides of walls and panes of glass in windows, and to walk as easily along the ceiling of a room with their bodies downwards and their feet over head. Their feet, when examined by a microscope, are found to have flat skins or flaps, like the feet of web-footed animals, as ducks and geese; and they have towards the back part or heel, but inside the skin or flap, two very small toes so connected with the flap as to draw it close down upon the glass or wall the fly walks on, and to squeeze out the air completely, so that there is a vacuum made between the foot and the glass or wall. The consequence of this is, that the air presses the foot on the wall with a very considerable force, compared to the weight of the fly; for if its feet are to its body in the same proportion as ours are to our bodies, since we could support by a single hand on the ceiling of the room (provided it made a vacuum) more than our whole weight, namely, a weight of fifteen stone, the fly can easily move on four feet in the same manner by help of the vacuum made under its feet. It has likewise been found

that some of the larger sea animals are by the same construction, only upon a greater scale, enabled to climb the perpendicular and smooth surfaces of the ice hills among which they live. Some kinds of lizard have the same power of climbing, and of creeping with their bodies downwards along the ceiling of a room; and the means by which they are enabled to do so are the same. In the large feet of these animals, the contrivance is easily observed, of the two toes, or tightners, by which the skin of the foot is pinned down, and the air excluded in the act of walking or climbing; but it is the very same, only upon a larger scale, with the mechanism of a fly or a butterfly's foot; and both operations, the climbing of the sea-horse on the ice, and the creeping of the fly on the window or the ceiling, are performed exactly by the same power, the weight of the atmosphere, which causes the quicksilver to stand in the weather-glass, the wind to whistle through a key-hole, and the piston to descend in a steam-engine.—*Objects, &c. of Science.*

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

If we compare the map of these countries but ten years ago with that which now exists, we shall see at one glance how much geography has benefited from these arctic voyages. We now, for the first time, have obtained undeniable proof that the great continent America is insulated, and that the idea of its being joined to that of Asia by a slip across Behring's Strait, like the bridge of a pair of spectacles, as some Germans, and our countryman, Admiral Burney, would have it, is destitute of all foundation. We now know, that, from Behring's Strait to the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, this northern coast of America presents an undulating line, whose extreme latitudes extend from about 67 to 71°; and that it is indented by many good harbours and large rivers: whereas, before Franklin's expeditions, the maps had no line of coast, but only two points, one of which was erroneously laid down, and the other doubtful; the rivers and lakes were drawn *ad libitum*, which are now placed, the former in their proper directions, and the latter in true shapes and dimensions.—*Quarterly Review.*

PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY.

VERY few great discoveries have been made by chance and by ignorant persons—much fewer than is generally supposed. It is commonly told of the steam-engine that an idle boy being employed to stop

and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it, by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. This is possible, no doubt; though nothing very certain is known respecting the origin of the story; but improvements of any value are very seldom indeed so easily found out, and hardly another instance can be named of important discoveries so purely accidental. They are generally made by persons of competent knowledge, and who are in search of them. The improvements of the steam-engine by Watt resulted from the most learned investigation of mathematical; mechanical, and chemical truths. Arkwright devoted many years, five at the least, to his invention of Spinning jennies, and he was a man perfectly conversant in everything that relates to the construction of machinery: he had minutely examined it, and knew the effects of each part, though he had not received anything like a scientific education. If he had, we should in all probability have been indebted to him for scientific discoveries as well as practical improvements. The most beautiful and useful invention of late times, the Safety-lamp, was the reward of a series of philosophical experiments made by one thoroughly skilled in every branch of chemical science. The new process of refining sugar, by which more money has been made in a shorter time, and with less risk and trouble, than was ever perhaps gained from an invention, was discovered by a most accomplished chemist,* and was the fruit of a long course of experiments, in the progress of which, known philosophical principles were constantly applied, and one or two new principles ascertained.—*Objects, &c. of Science.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

HADJI BABA (*again!*)

[AT page 318 we gave "a flying extract" from this delightful work, describing the first night of the *Orientalis*. We are now induced to subjoin Hadji's account of the wonders of Frangistan, (London,) which he gives in an audience with the shah at Ispahan. We therefore touch their arrival and return, leaving our readers to enjoy their intermediate adventures by reference to the

* Edward Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk.

work itself; which, to say the least, is one of the pleasantest lounging books of this season of luxurious literature.]

"Well, Hajji, so you have seen Frangistan—what sort of a place is it?"

"Owing to the condescension of the Asylum of the Universe," said I, "it is not a bad place."

"How is it, compared to Persia?" said the king.

"As I am your sacrifice," said I, "there can be no comparison."

"Have the Franks any poets?"

"May I be your sacrifice," said I, "they have; but to say that they approach to either Hafiz or Saadi, may God forgive me for thinking so!"

"But they have no nightingales," said the king; "say that, I will believe you."

"They have none," said I, "but of dogs they have abundance."

"So they have poets," said his majesty; "what else have they got? It is said their women are good—is that true?"

"Of that there is no doubt," said I; "they would even be worthy, so thinks your slave, of standing before the shah himself."

"You do not say wrong," said the king. "We want a Frank woman." Then turning to the vizier, he said, "What else was it that we wanted from that country? Is it now in your recollection?"

"May I be your sacrifice," said the vizier; "your slave thinks it was a spying-glass."

"True, true," answered the shah, recollecting himself; "it was a spying-glass; a miraculous spying-glass. Is it true," said he to me with some hesitation, "is it true that they make a spying-glass in that country which can look over a mountain? Is such a thing really made?"

"Since your majesty says so," said I, "it must be so; but, in truth, it was not my good luck to meet with it. But, as I am your sacrifice, may it please your majesty, I have seen things among the Franks equally astonishing; and, therefore, there is no reason that it should not exist."

"What things did you see? Speak boldly."

"I have seen a ship," said I, going against a fierce wind, with the same velocity as a horse, and that by the vapour which arises from boiling water."

"Hajji," said the king, after a stare and a thought, "say no lies here. After all, we are a king. Although you are a raveller, and have been to the Franks,

yet a lie is a lie, come from whence it may."

My tongue almost became constipated at this reproof; but taking courage, I continued with vehemence:—"By the salt of the king, may my head be struck off this moment—I am your sacrifice—as I live, I swear that such is the case, and if there be a Frank here, and be a man, he will confirm my words."

"Say it again," answered the king, softened by my earnestness. "What vapour could ever be strong enough to perform such a miracle?"

I then explained what I knew of a steam-engine, and how it acted upon the wheels of a ship.

"But to produce steam enough for such a purpose," said his majesty, "they must have on board the father of all kettles, grandfather, and great-grandfather, to boot; large enough to boil a camel, much less a sheep."

"Camel, your majesty!" exclaimed I, "large enough to dress a string of camels!"

"Wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the shah, in deep thought; "well, after this, there is no doubt that they can make a spying-glass that looks over the mountain. Order some to be sent immediately," said he to the vizier.

Really, this scene calls up a hearty laugh—such as we have enjoyed scores of times over the Arabian Nights.

THE SAILOR IN LONDON.

WELL! I soon found *Lunnen*, as the song says, "to be the devil." My money began to fail me; for, whenever I thought on Sophy, I ran to the public-house, partly from anger, partly from thirst, and partly from fear of thinking more. Every morning I found myself lower in body, money, and mind. All the pretty faces which I used to look and laugh on, now seemed to tell me what a precious scoundrel of a fellow I was. I pawned my last shirt, and then went to seek work in the rope line; but no one would even look at me without a character from my last master.

"No, no!" said one, "the parish is stocked with too many of your breed already! We have scamps enough to look after, without enlisting a parcel of strolling rascals into our service. Go to the bogs of your fathers, Pat. Tear up your mosses and sow wheat, ye villain! Learn, like your Scotch neighbours, to live on porridge and potatoes, till your soil is tilled to grow herbs for broth and food for cattle. Bid your witty rascals of countrymen leave off cracking jokes, bottles, and heads; and stay to plough and sow,

that they may reap without signing post-obits. Bid them talk less of domains and castles, and think more of the ragged reality of their country, that Nature intended to be rich by the talents of her generous people, and the fertility of her soil. Bid them labour, that they may enjoy profit and rest, and let none of them think they are off duty."

"I'm no Irishman," said I.

"You're no Englishman," said he.

"Be off! and remember idleness covers a man with nakedness.—Oh the Irish hound."

In a few days after that, I was regularly hard up in a clinch; not a skirrick in my pocket, and but little on my back; and reduced to what I am now almost ashamed to tell *ye*, Wad,—to beg!

My first trial was to a well-powdered old gentleman in black, who trudged it along as stiff as a crutch. He did not turn his head even to look at me, but said, "Go work, young man; I never encourage idleness!" My next was what we call a black-stocked blood in a blue frock. "Pray, sir," said I—and "Pray, sir," said he, looking through a thingumbob, "be off! be off!" as big as Belcher, by Jove! The next was an old bleacher of a woman with butter in a basket, and a little sooty dog in a string; she looked, stopped, "Stay, Midge,—here," and sticking her fingers into the side of the butter, dislodged a farthing, gave it to me, licked her fingers, and made sail.

Then came fleets of girls, rigged out in all the colours of the rainbow, with girths as taut as the string of a pudding-poke, coming like streamers against the wind, but with their canvass flat aback against the mast, and steering to a small helm. Gathering way as they came near me, some sheered to port, and some to starboard—"Pray," again said I; but all I got was, "No, ne! nothing for you, young man"—"young feller"—"idle creature"—"dirty man"—"don't be troublesome"—"go away, sir!"

Then a porky man, with a ledger under his arm, denied me by "No, no, my fine fellow; paid seven and sixpence three-farthings in the pound poor-rates already. Work, work, you lazy scoundrel, work!"

At last came a white-faced hawbuck I saw at the play—"Pray, sir," said I again. "What's your name, fellow?" said he; and raising his left yellow-hooped fingers to his chin, he put his right into his pocket, and brought forth a card; and then giving it to me, sheered off, shutting his whity-blue eyes. Meantime I read the card, and there was printed on it "Mend—Mendi—Mendici"—Oh, I forgot—some kind of long-named society,

and I was to take it myself; but there was an N.B. staring me in the face—desiring that it might be given to none but beggars, which fairly clinched the matter, and I was ashamed to deliver it. The night was now coming on, the weather was cold and bleak, and the smoke, like the Devil's Table-cloth at the Cape, was hanging over the town. I had no money but the greasy farthing, and nothing on me that I could sell. The woman where I lodged had given me warning to look no more near her house, "a beggar as I was." I was sitting on one of the steps of the Court of Chancery,* as the Irishman who began to talk to me told me it was, when one of his comrades, with a broom in his hand, hailed me. "Now what are *ye* doing there, boy? Sure you have but a could birth of it now! If you'll be after coming with me, I'll give you a dhrup of the crater, to comfort your bowels, boy!"—"I have no money," said I.—"And who the devil asked you for money now? and here's three-pence for you, boy. Ah, but it's a swate, heavenly thing to beg, sure! And why don't you take a broom in your hand now? it will save you the use of tum and tongue, and keep you without the law, boy! I was tired of digging in the bowels of the river, and of the black jokes of the black jocks; but I have been an angel ever since I had a broom in my fist. Now, do as I do, boy! I'll engage it will earn your maw and save your breath." Dermot then took me to a corner house in the Seven Dials, where we got half drunk, and then reeled to his lodgings, where Phelim, Terry, and Larry were singing "Hugga ma fain," and "Sour a lin," and were like to fight about Shelah their landlady.—*The Night Watch.*

PICTURE DABBLING.

ENGLISHMEN, on their travels, think themselves bound to buy pictures, that, when they return, they may be considered amateurs; but having generally neither eye nor taste, they become dupes. I knew an unfortunate victim, who, by speculating in pictures, of which he had not the smallest knowledge, completely ruined himself. He had been paymaster to a regiment of the German Legion in Sicily, and during a service of fifteen years had, by economy, realized four or five thousand pounds.* It is hardly credible that a man, with a certain knowledge of the world and fully aware of

* We presume the Boatswain meant one of those tenantless, windowless houses so common in the outskirts of the metropolis, stuck over with notices of Warren's Blacking—"Hunt for ever"—Play-Bills and Lottery Schemes, with due warning to "Stick no Bills."

the value of money, should risk his hard-earned gains by dealing in a commodity of which he was totally ignorant. With this propensity he unluckily made the acquaintance of the Marquis S—, a Sicilian noble, who, under pretence that a valuable gallery, which had belonged to his family for several ages was, from the pressure of the times, to be disposed of, gulled our silly countryman into becoming the purchaser of two hundred original pictures, the undoubted works of the great Italian masters. More than one Raphael, Domenichino, Titiano, Guido, Carlo Dolce, &c. &c. &c. were warranted as genuine—the first connoisseurs in the island had pronounced judgment on them. The Marchese (*poveretto!*) to save a dear brother from ruin, had made a great sacrifice, but he rejoiced that his heir-looms, the precious collection of the S— family had fallen into the hands of an Inglese, and a man of taste, &c. The tale was swallowed, and three thousand ounces (2,000*l.*) were paid down—*argent comptant!* Our amateur was invited to a grand dinner given on the occasion. Another noble dealer and chapman now made his appearance on the stage; a somewhat similar story was got up, and again succeeded! In a few months our paymaster discovered that his means were nearly exhausted, and he stopped short after he had at the very trifling disbursement of 3,700*l.* sterling, possessed himself of as many precious pictures as there are days in the year! They were consigned to his agent in London, who finding that the duties would be 1,700*l.* more, consulted a dealer, and was informed that the collection was not worth so many pence! It was therefore determined to export the precious cargo to a foreign market, and Brussels was chosen as a *dépôt*, where there was abundance of English gulls; but, alas! none proved amateurs; and, after a few years, the entire collection, consisting of three hundred and sixty-six pictures of the Italian school, was brought to the hammer in the market-place! When the expenses of the sale were paid, there remained to the proprietor a balance of 245 francs; warehouse-room, duties, freight, &c., of the cases from England, having amounted to as many pounds. The history of the arts does not afford such an example of folly as this, which occurred only a few years ago.—*Brussels Companion.*

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

TRAVELLING CONCERT.

A TRAVELLING concert was given at Erfurt by the music-director Eberwein, of Weimar, at which every one present

was much pleased. The manner in which the German musician gets up one of these performances (which, by the way, never wants hearers) furnishes an illustration of the different natures of an English and German audience, the former only satisfied with a variety of names, the latter enduring but one for the whole length of a concert bill. The professor having collected his wife, children, aunts, nieces, &c. they jog off in company, and on arriving at some strange town, he writes an overture, his wife sings, his son plays a concerto on the violin, his daughter on the piano-forte, the rest do what they can, and they thus make up some of the prettiest family harmony imaginable.—*Musical Ramble.*

MIDNIGHT CONCERT.

VIENNA, like other great Catholic cities, is seldom long without some sight, something out of the way for the populace to gaze after, and I was not surprised nor displeased in attending a midnight concert, performed on the place of the cathedral of St. Stephen, by order of the archbishop. The stillness of the hour, and the quality of the music, which was played in the open air, renders this occasion an epoch in my musical adventures. The compositions given were of the very best. The overture to Weber's *Oberon*, an air with variations on the violoncello, the slow movement of Beethoven's *Sinfonia in A*, a *Concertino* of Mayseder on the violin, and Mozart's Overture to the *Zauberflöte*. In the opening of *Oberon* the tones of the horn derived such purity and richness from the open air, and such an echo from the stone flooring, as I never before heard in any concert; but when listening in darkness, and with nothing externally to distract, but all one's thoughts turned inward upon the music, the perception of its beauty may be more acute in the listener, than that the thing itself is really better. I expected to hear Mayseder play at this serenade, but he has lately taken upon himself the hymeneal bonds, and forsakes the town for a pleasant dinner and evening in the gardens of the suburbs. All the orchestral pieces were extremely well executed, and were led with great spirit by M. Paem, a gentleman belonging to the Hof Capell (Royal Chapel.) The Germans possess many violoncello players of much execution, and Bernard Romberg is the one generally cited as being at the head of them; the fact is, that although talent is more extensively diffused in Germany, and that country produces many artists, it is less concentrated than among us. The taste of Robert Lindley is more

nearly approached in Vienna than his firm hand and brilliant tone. The reader must imagine himself on a hot night standing among a crowd of people, who are puffing their tobacco-smoke so vigorously that he may but dimly see the moon, which is partially lighting the old spire of St. Stephen. The front of the cathedral is in deep shade, and the feeble gleam of a lamp here and there under the arch of the great entrance, serves to make the blackness beyond more palpable. If a Gothic cathedral looks solemn in the day-time, at night it looks sombre. St. Stephen behaved himself more decorously at the concert than others of the audience, who were somewhat infuriated after the Overture to the *Zauberflöte*, and absolutely refused to go home to their beds without a repetition of it, and the desire made a kind of reparation for the bad taste the Viennese showed in the opera-house. This was the first time I had heard Mozart played upon his own ground, the place where he lived, loved, thought, and wrote, and the occasion was one which might quicken the aspirations of a musician after the perfection of his art. About one o'clock after midnight I returned home, thinking how sadly Germany has within the last year or two been bereft of those who have given her treasures of music and beauty; there are Beethoven and Winter, Fesca, Danzi, Andreas Romberg, and Weber, all dead; as for Haydn and Mozart, who have made the very ground of Vienna sacred, they must by this time be quite incorporated with the elements.—*Ibid.*

SINGING SCHOOLS.

ONE of those institutions most honourable to the enthusiasm and spirit of the musical amateurs of Berlin is the foundation of its singing school, the whole expense of the edifice in which the practice is conducted, and every contingency, being defrayed out of the pockets of the musical public. The singing school is a handsome, white building, standing near the university, and in the neighbourhood of the famed walk of linden trees; it contains three hundred regular students, and accommodation on public days for an audience of seven hundred. There is no band. The resident professor here is M. Zelter, a tall silver-haired old gentleman, of bland manners, and whose skill as a master is well attested by the proficiency of his scholars.—The difficulty of the vocal pieces I heard executed here might have appalled the most resolute and experienced of sight-singers.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

TOBACCO.

KING JAMES I. wrote a pamphlet called the *Counterblast to Tobacco*, which he concludes by pronouncing the use of this plant to be "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black stinking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

WRITTEN IN CLARISSA'S PRAYER BOOK.

IN vain Clarissa, night and day,
For pity to the gods you pray;
What arrogance on heaven to call
For that which you deny to all.

AMONGST the oddities of the town, in the London-road, St. George's-fields, there is a large white building, on which is this inscription—"YORK HOUSE STAYS FOR EXPORTATION."—We should think it likely, to stay a long while.

THE THIEF.

(Imitated from the French of M. Baron.)

A SHARPER once in prison lay,
At length a neighbour came that way;
Who said it griev'd him sore to see
The fellow in such misery;
And, since he'd no provision made,
'Twere best to choose some useful trade,
Some good employment would be well,
And live like men in general.
The thief replied, the one I chose
Was better p'rhaps than you suppose;
Had I those catch-pole claws withstood,
My trade, indeed, had still been good.

T. S. A.

ANSWER TO THE QUERY OF A FRIEND.

"Are you not a Contributor to the
Mirror?"

(IMPROMPTU.)

To the question you ask I'll reply as I've
time,

And I, as a rhymist, will answer in
rhyme;

The MIRROR's a work that I frequently
see,

And the lines that you saw are reflected
from me.

T. S. A.

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